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MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS

WOLVERINE™

FEATURING

THE MAN-THING

MASTER OF KUNG FU

THE SILVER SURFER

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

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"THE GOOD GUY" — PART 1 OF 10
A dying man's last request sends Wolvie to the most sinister city in Southeast Asia.

He's on his own, facing impossible odds and the deadliest foes of his life.

He couldn't be happier.

"ELEMENTS OF TERROR" — PART 1 OF 12
Where is the unlikeliest place of all to find a swamp creature? The middle of a political scandal . . .

"RIPPLES" — PART 1 OF 8
Shang-Chi returns to the world to find it worse than when he left. And, this time, even his old friends Reston, Tarr and Wu may not make the difference.

"FEAR ITSELF"
The Silver Surfer realizes that he has nothing to fear, but . . .

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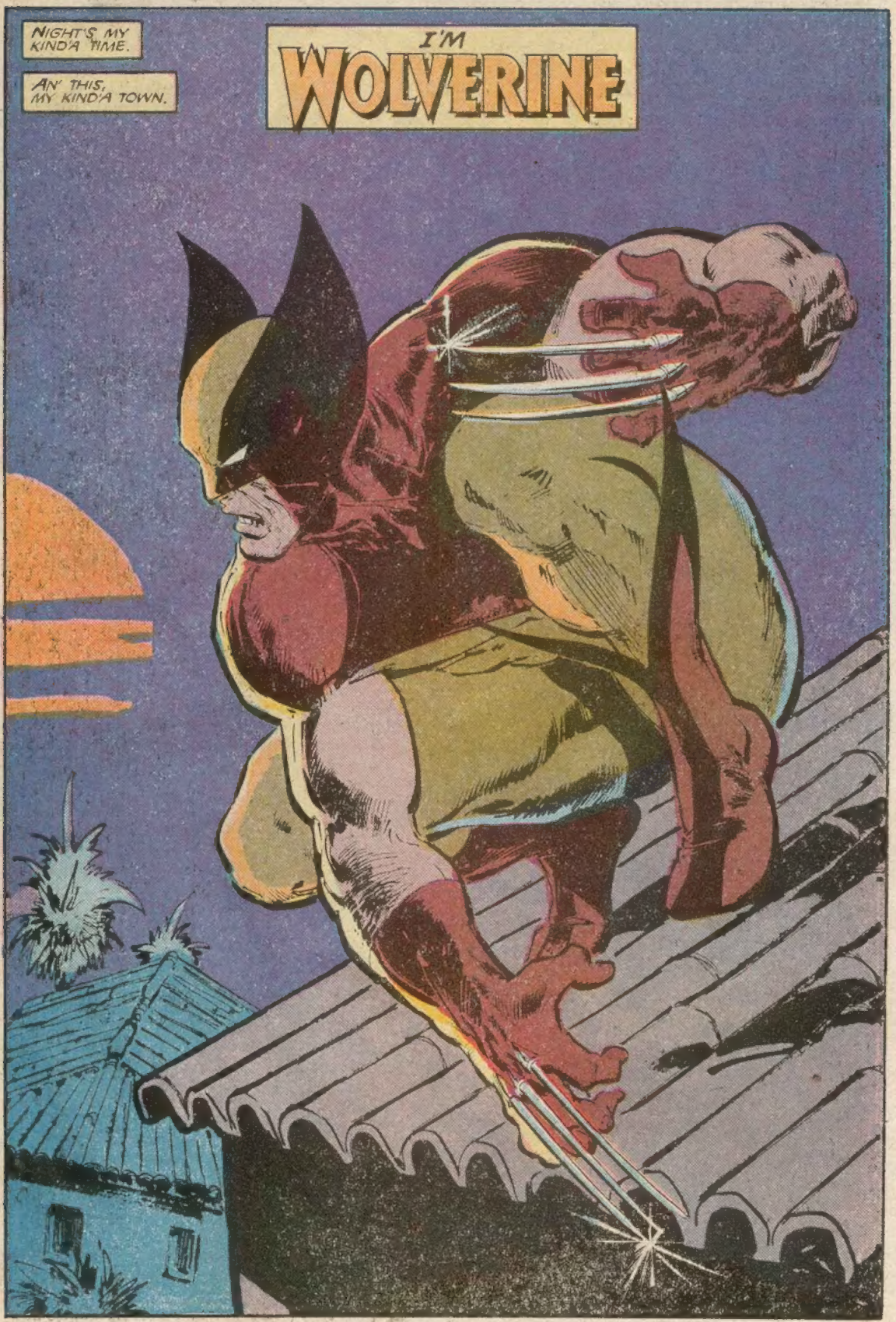
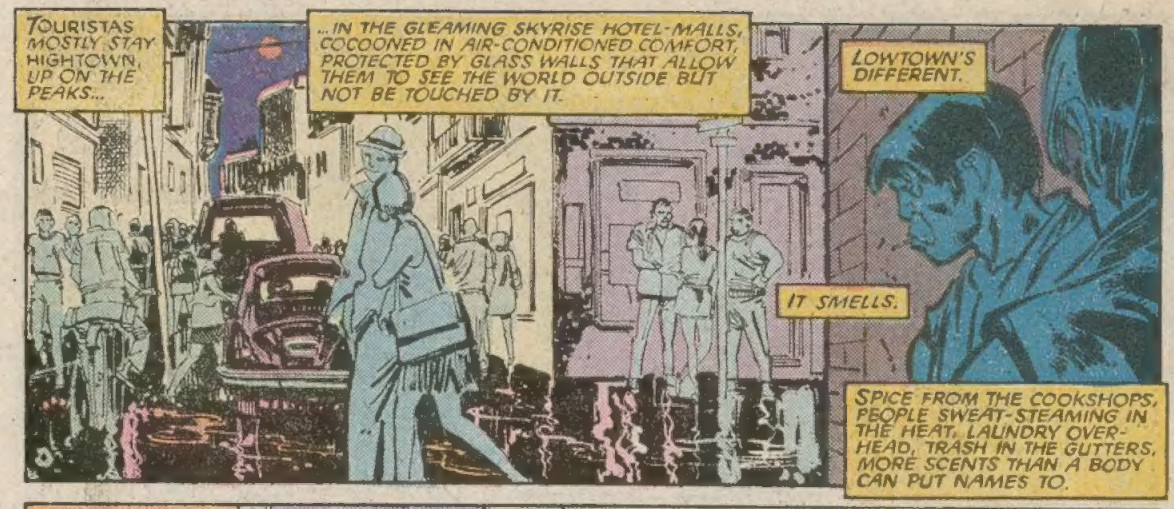
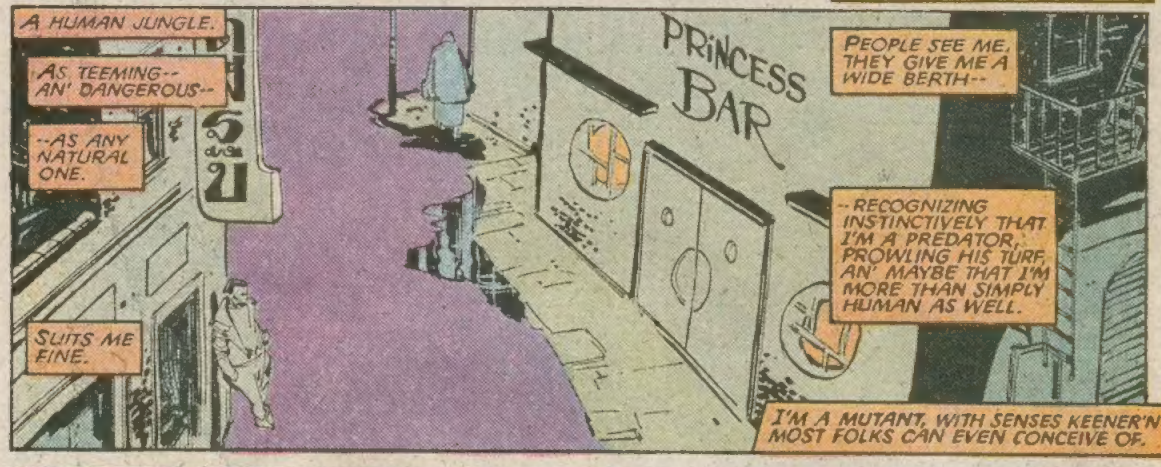

NIGHT'S MY KINDA TIME.
AN' THIS, MY KINDA TOWN.
I'M
WOLVERINE


TOURISTAS MOSTLY STAY HIGHTOWN, UP ON THE PEAKS...
...IN THE GLEAMING SKYRISE HOTEL-MALLS, COCOONED IN AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT, PROTECTED BY GLASS WALLS THAT ALLOW THEM TO SEE THE WORLD OUTSIDE BUT NOT BE TOUCHED BY IT.
LOWTOWN'S DIFFERENT.
IT SMELLS.
SPICE FROM THE COOKSHOPS, PEOPLE SWEAT-STEAMING IN THE HEAT, LAUNDRY OVERHEAD, TRASH IN THE GUTTERS, MORE SCENTS THAN A BODY CAN PUT NAMES TO.


A HUMAN JUNGLE.
AS TEEMING-- AN' DANGEROUS--
--AS ANY NATURAL ONE.
SUITS ME FINE.
PRINCESS BAR
PEOPLE SEE ME, THEY GIVE ME A WIDE BERTH--
--RECOGNIZING INSTINCTIVELY THAT I'M A PREDATOR, PROWLING HIS TURF, AN' MAYBE THAT I'M MORE THAN SIMPLY HUMAN AS WELL.
I'M A MUTANT, WITH SENSES KEENER'N MOST FOLKS CAN EVEN CONCEIVE OF.

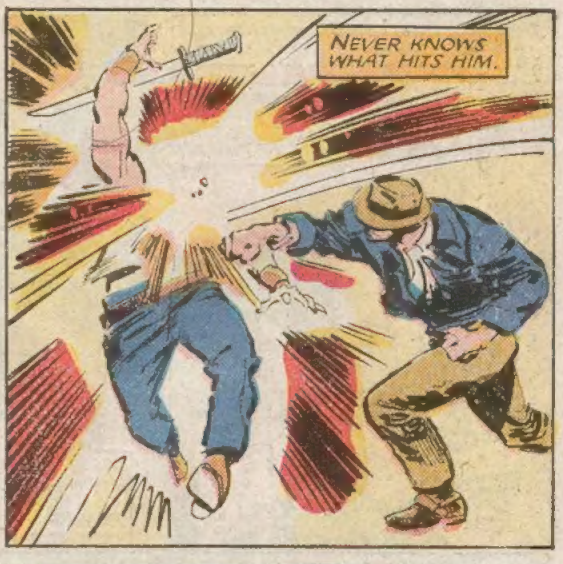
A COUPLE OF BREATHS TELLS ME PRETTY MUCH ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE IMMEDIATE-VICINITY.
NAMELY, TROUBLE.
ALL BE SILENT...
..DO AS YOU'RE TOLD...
...NONE BE HURT!

EXCEPT FOR YOU, O'DONNELL.
BOSS WANTS YOU HURT BAD.
DOESN'T LIKE YOU OPPOSING HIM.
YOU WISH TO LIVE...
...YOU PAY-- A LOT-- TO REGAIN HIS GOOD WILL.
WHOOLFF!

DON'T MUCH LIKE THAT. O'DONNELL'S WHO I CAME TO SEE.
SURPRISED, THOUGH. FIGURED A MAN LIKE HIM...
...WOULD'VE LONG AGO WORKED OUT HIS ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE LOCAL MOB.

NOBODY'S PERFECT.
YO.
CHUM!
THIS A PRIVATE PARTY...
...OR CAN ANYONE JOIN IN?
YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUTSIDE, FOOL!

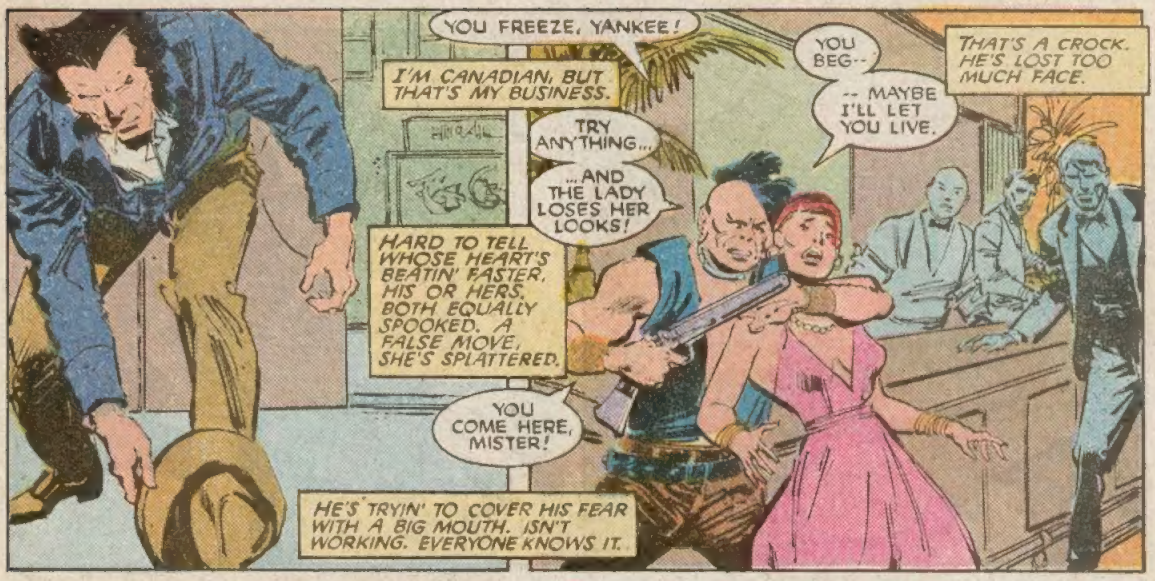
I'M THIRSTY.
THIS IS A SALOON.
PUNKBOY.
TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER.
THINKS HE'S TOUGH AS NAILS. COCK O' THE WALK.


NEVER KNOWS WHAT HITS HIM.

HIS PALS DON'T LIKE THAT.

LIFE'S TOUGH.

NUNCHAKUS.
STEEL-CORED CLUBS OF WOOD, LINKED BY A CHAIN.
THEY'LL BREAK BONES.
TOO BAD FOR THIS CLOWN...
...MINE CAN'T BE BROKEN.
THEY'RE LACED WITH ADAMANTIUM --MIRACLE METAL, STRONGEST ON EARTH.
SKIN BREAKS AS I TAKE OUT THE BLADE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH.
THE CUTS ARE SMALL; THEY HEAL ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...
THAT'S THE MAIN ASPECT OF MY MUTANT POWER...
...A HEALING FACTOR ABLE TO COPE WITH VIRTUALLY ANY WOUND OR POISON OR DISEASE.
HERE'S ONE JOYBOY WISHES HE HAD ONE.
TWO LEFT.
RATTLED.
THEY'RE USED TO TAKING PEOPLE DOWN...
...NOT THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND.
HE HESITATES AS HE DRAWS A BEAD.
ALL THE TIME I NEED, TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.


YOU FREEZE, YANKEE!
I'M CANADIAN, BUT THAT'S MY BUSINESS.
TRY ANYTHING...
...AND THE LADY LOSES HER LOOKS!
HARD TO TELL WHOSE HEART'S BEATIN' FASTER, HIS OR HERS. BOTH EQUALLY SPOOKED. A FALSE MOVE, SHE'S SPLATTERED.
YOU COME HERE, MISTER!
HE'S TRYIN' TO COVER HIS FEAR WITH A BIG MOUTH. ISN'T WORKING. EVERYONE KNOWS IT.
YOU BEG--
-- MAYBE I'LL LET YOU LIVE.
THAT'S A CROCK. HE'S LOST TOO MUCH FACE.

I DO AS HE SAYS, I SIGN MY DEATH WARRANT.
I'VE A BETTER IDEA.
GO AHEAD, PULL THE TRIGGER.

BUT AFTER YOU DO, BUB...

...THEN YOU'RE MINE.

HE GETS THE MESSAGE.

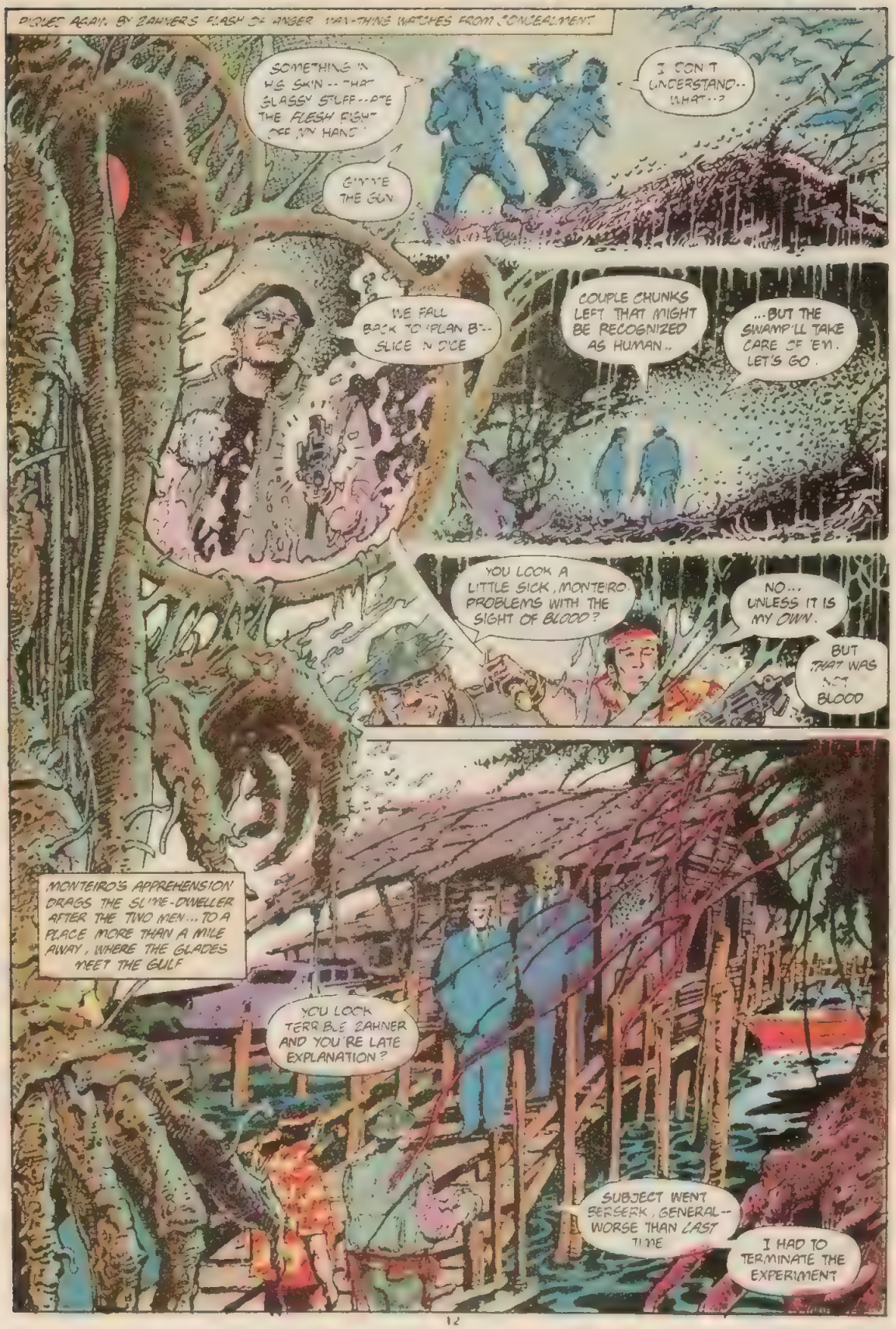
ANYONE WANT TO CALL THE POLICE FOR HIS BUDDIES?
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
WASTE OF TIME. THEY'LL BE FREE INSIDE AN HOUR.
BETTER JUST TO TOSS 'EM ONNA STREET...
...LET ROCHE DEAL WITH 'EM.
ROCHE. DON'T KNOW THE NAME. PUNKBOY'S BOSS? FIGURE I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.

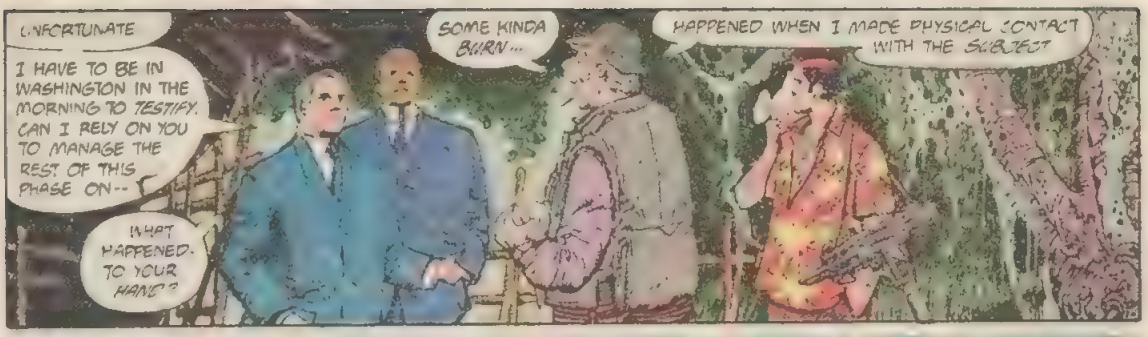
I'M O'DONNELL. I'M OBLIGED.
LIKE I SAID, I WAS THIRSTY.
WHATEVER YOU LIKE, ON THE HOUSE.
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE. YOU NEW IN TOWN?
JUST ARRIVED. PASSING THROUGH.
BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.
LONG AGO.
BEFORE LOGAN BECAME WOLVERINE, AND WOLVERINE AN X-MAN.
WELL, IF YOU'RE EVER FEELING LONELY WHILE YOU'RE HERE...
I'M SAPPHIRE.
SHE'S FISHING FOR A NAME. I DON'T OBLIGE. O'DONNELL LETS IT RIDE.. FOR NOW.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MADRIPOOR?
WORD IS, YOU WANT INFORMATION, THE PLACE TO FIND IT IS THE PRINCESS BAR.
COULD BE. DEPENDS ON THE QUESTION. AND WHO ASKS.
DAVE CHAPEL SENT ME...
... TO FIND THE TIGER.
THAT'S REAL INTERESTING, STRANGER--
--CONSIDERING DAVE CHAPEL IS DEAD!
SO MUCH FOR THE DIRECT APPROACH.
KLIK!
KLAK
KCHIK!
KLUTCH!
NEXT ISSUE: THE BAD GUY

THE MAN-THING IN ELEMENTS OF TERROR
CHAPTER I
VOID OF THOUGHT, VOID OF FEELING, HE HAS SLUMBERED IN THE SWAMP'S FETID WATERS...
...KNOWING NO HUNGER, NO PASSION, LONGING FOR NOTHING BUT IMMERSION IN THE MIRE.
FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS BEYOND COUNTING, HE HAS HAD NO REASON TO MOVE.
BUT THIS HA= CHANGED.
SOMETHING DARK AND DESPERATE IS DRAWING NEAR.
ITS PAIN AND TERROR CONSTITUTE AN ASSAULT UPON HIS EMPATHIC NATURE
SO NOW THE MAN-THING MUST ARISE... AND END IT

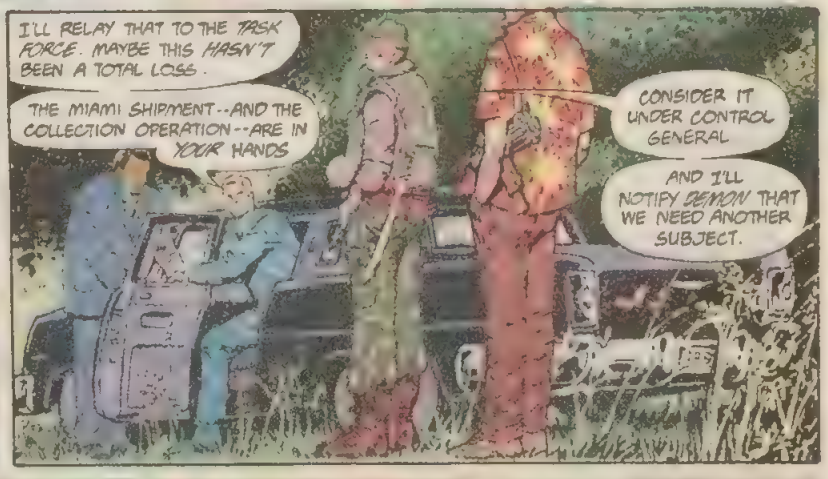
TEARING BLINDLY OUT OF THE FOLIAGE, WAILING IN CONFUSION AND ANGUISH...
..COMES THE SOURCE OF THE MONSTER'S TORMENT.
ONCE IT WAS A MAN.
NOW IT IS A PATHETIC TOTTERING AMALGAM OF TISSUE AND FIBROUS MATTER..
...IT SEEMS... FEELS... AS IF IT IS EATING ITSELF ALIVE
THROUGH ITS SWOLLEN BLOOD-HUED EYE AND THE MAZE OF ITS RAGE I CANNOT EVEN SEE THE SWAMP-BEAST
NOR CAN THE MINDLESS MAN-THING TRULY COMPREHEND ITS SUFFERING
YET BOTH WISH THE SAME THING A CONCLUSION TO THE AGONY.
AS SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE
THAT GIFT THE MAN-THING CAN BESTOW

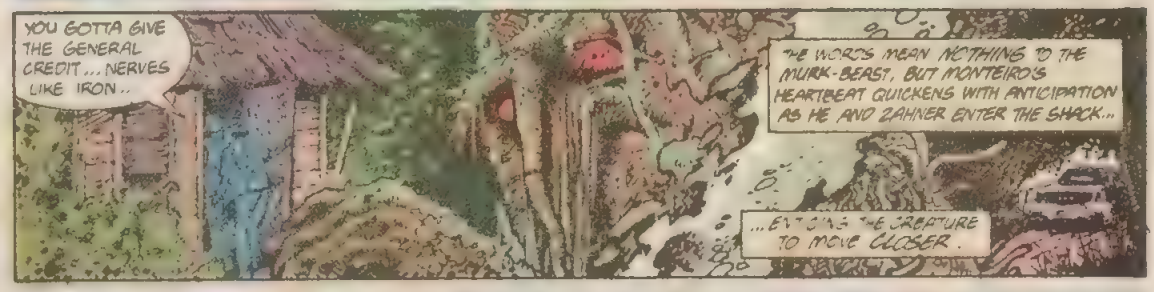
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY
"IT WASN'T MY FAULT ZAHNER' I SWEAR--HE WAS SITTING QUIETLY, AND THEN--
YOU WERE TOLD TO WATCH HIM. YOU DIDN'T
SAVE YOUR EXCUSES TO STEEL. I AIN'T INTERESTED.
"STEEL!" YOU HAVE A CODE NAME FOR EVERY GNAT IN THE SWAMP, I THINK'
QUIET LOOK.
MADRE DE DIOS--'S THAT--?
YEAH-- WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM
HOLD MY AXE
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO--
HACK OUT THE IMPLANT. WE WOULDN'T WANT IT TRACED
TOO BAD THOUGHT THIS SUCKER MIGHT LIVE TO SEE--
OWWWW!!
GIMME A BANDAGE-- QUICK'
I, I' BURNED--!

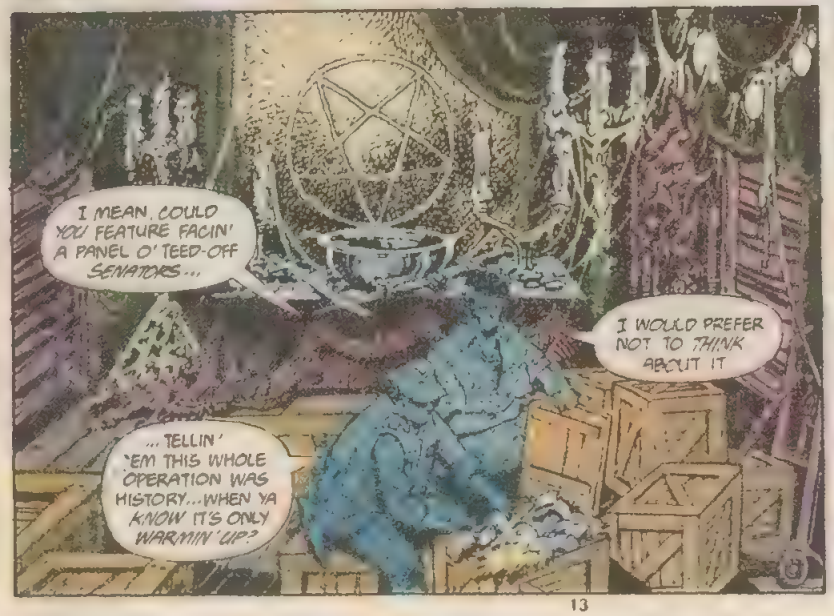

PIQUE AGAIN. BY ZAHNER'S FLASH OF ANGER THAT-THING WATCHES FROM CONCEALMENT.
SOMETHING IN HIS SKIN -- THAT GLASSY STUFF -- ATE THE FLESH RIGHT OFF MY HAND
I CON'T UNDERSTAND.. WHAT..?
GIVE THE GUN
WE FALL BACK TO 'PLAN B' -- SLICE 'N DICE
COUPLE CHUNKS LEFT THAT MIGHT BE RECOGNIZED AS HUMAN..
...BUT THE SWAMP'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM. LET'S GO.
YOU LOOK A LITTLE SICK, MONTEIRO. PROBLEMS WITH THE SIGHT OF BLOOD?
NO... UNLESS IT IS MY OWN.
BUT THAT WAS NOT BLOOD
MONTEIRO'S APPREHENSION DRAGS THE SLIME-DWELLER AFTER THE TWO MEN... TO A PLACE MORE THAN A MILE AWAY, WHERE THE GLADES MEET THE GULF
YOU LOOK TERRIBLE ZAHNER AND YOU'RE LATE EXPLANATION?
SUBJECT WENT BERSERK, GENERAL -- WORSE THAN LAST TIME
I HAD TO TERMINATE THE EXPERIMENT


UNFORTUNATE
I HAVE TO BE IN WASHINGTON IN THE MORNING TO TESTIFY. CAN I RELY ON YOU TO MANAGE THE REST OF THIS PHASE ON--
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?
SOME KINDA BURN...
HAPPENED WHEN I MADE PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH THE SUBJECT

INTERESTING. THE TISSUE'S CORROSIVE PROPERTIES COULD BE AN INTENDED RESULT OF THE PROCESS...
...A LAST-DITCH DEFENSE CAPABILITY, PERHAPS.

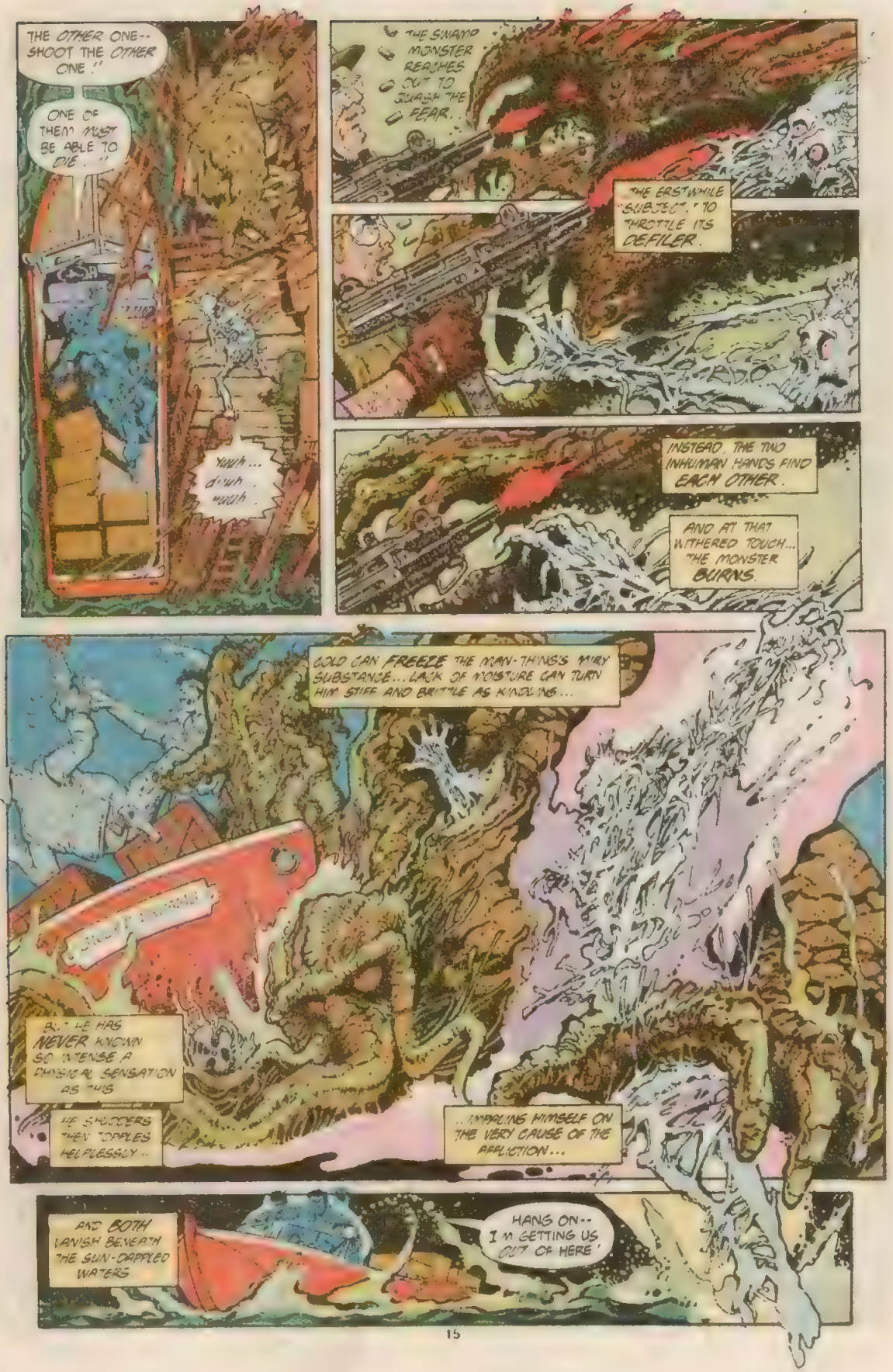

I'LL RELAY THAT TO THE TASK FORCE. MAYBE THIS HASN'T BEEN A TOTAL LOSS.
THE MIAMI SHIPMENT--AND THE COLLECTION OPERATION--ARE IN YOUR HANDS
CONSIDER IT UNDER CONTROL GENERAL
AND I'LL NOTIFY DEMON THAT WE NEED ANOTHER SUBJECT.

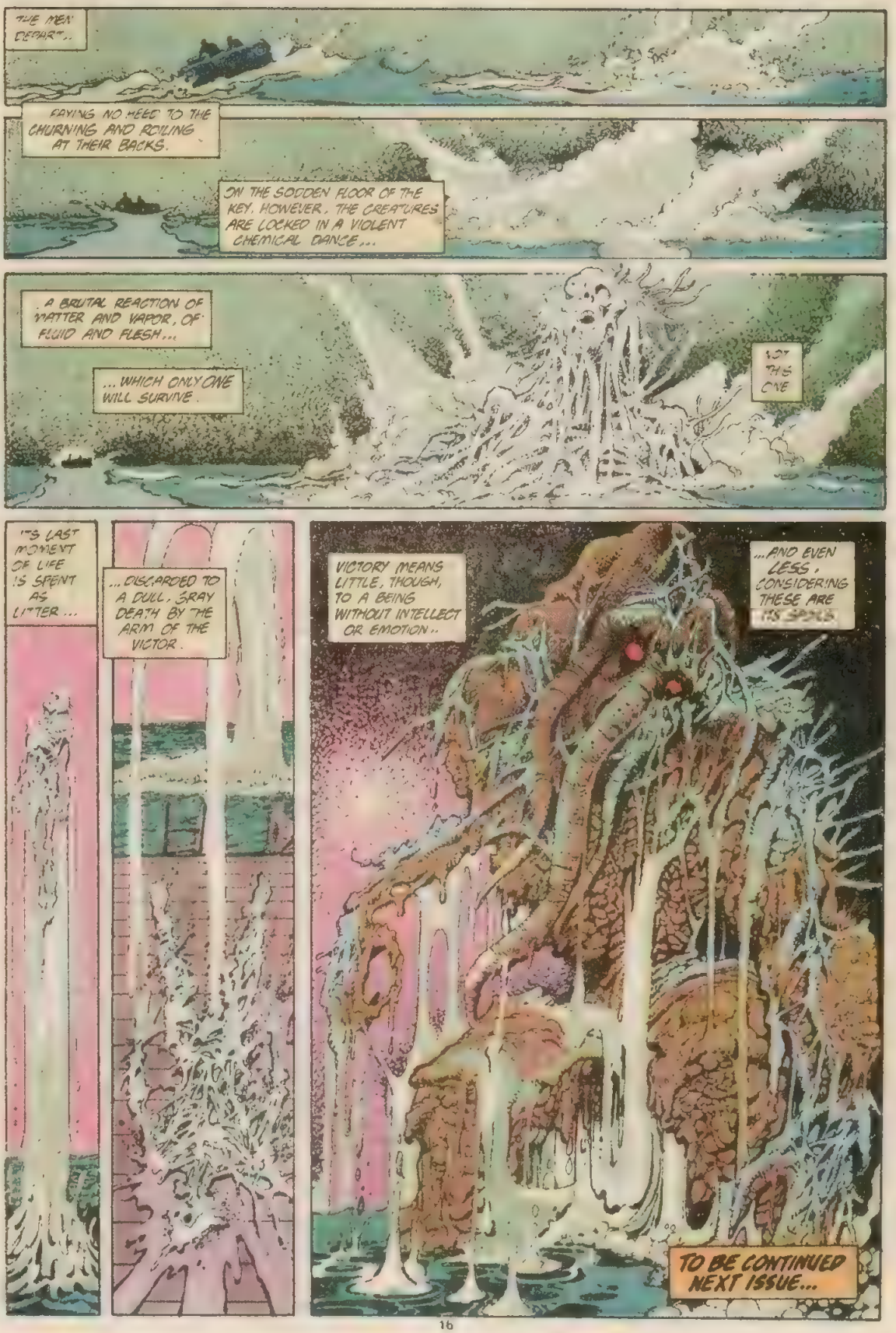

YOU GOTTA GIVE THE GENERAL CREDIT... NERVES LIKE IRON..
THE WORDS MEAN NOTHING TO THE MURK-BEAST, BUT MONTEIRO'S HEARTBEAT QUICKENS WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE AND ZAHNER ENTER THE SHACK...
...ENTICING THE CREATURE TO MOVE CLOSER.


I MEAN, COULD YOU FEATURE FACIN' A PANEL O' TEED-OFF SENATORS...
I WOULD PREFER NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT
...TELLIN' 'EM THIS WHOLE OPERATION WAS HISTORY...WHEN YA KNOW IT'S ONLY WARMIN' UP?

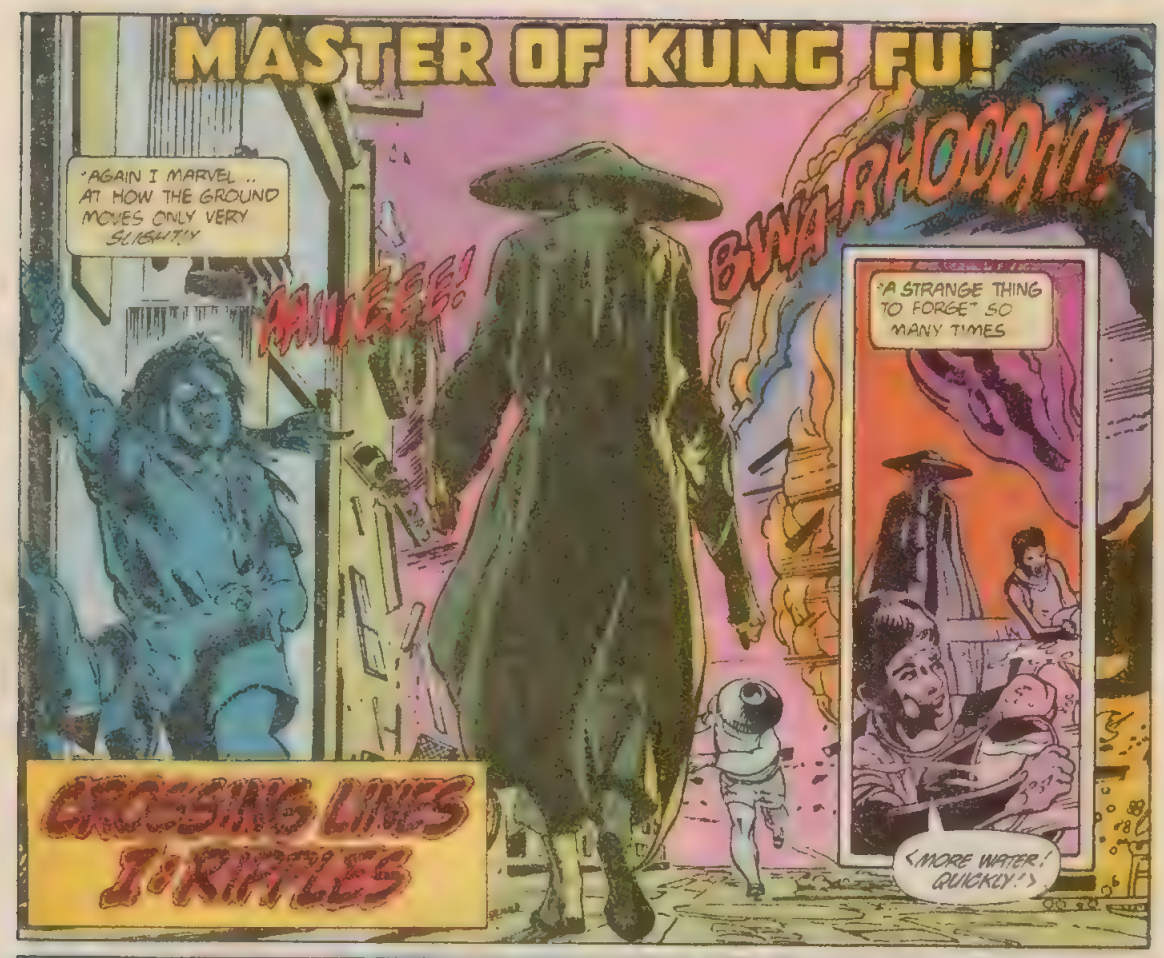
LOOK AT THIS, WILLYA? ENOUGH TOOT HERE TO KEEP HOLLYWOOD BLITZED FOR A MONTH!
REMEMBER TO SET SOME ASIDE.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE OFF THE STUFF
I SAID WHAT YOUR "STEEL" WANTED TO HEAR.
HE HAS HIS DENIABILI--
OH MY GOD..
KEE-UHHH... GUUK...
G-GET IN THE BOAT, DON'T SAY NOTH'N
..AND KEEP OUTTA MY WAY
I'M GONNA CUT IT IN HALF...
..THEN HALF AGAIN.
BUT THE RAIN OF BULLETS FAILS TO HALT THE 'SUBJECT'S' ADVANCE
AFTER SO LONG IN THE TRANQUIL EMBRACE OF THE SWAMP, THE PUNISHMENT TO HIS EMPATHIC NATURE IS UNBEARABLE
HE LUMBERS OUT OF HIDING
AND FEAR SWELLS IN THE TWO MEN'S HEARTS..
..THE SINGLE EMOTION THE MAN-THING LOATHES.
THERE'S TWO OF THEM..!!
INCREASING THEIR TERROR... AND SO HIS OWN AGONY


THE OTHER ONE-- SHOOT THE OTHER ONE!"
ONE OF THEM MUST BE ABLE TO DIE."
Yuuh... d'uuh, uuuh.
THE SWAMP MONSTER REACHES OUT TO SMASH THE FEAR...
THE ERSTWHILE "SUBJECT," TO THROTTLE ITS DEFILER.
INSTEAD, THE TWO INHUMAN HANDS FIND EACH OTHER.
AND AT THAT WITHERED TOUCH... THE MONSTER BURNS.
COLD CAN FREEZE THE MAN-THING'S MIRY SUBSTANCE... LACK OF MOISTURE CAN TURN HIM STIFF AND BRITTLE AS KINDLING...
BUT HE HAS NEVER KNOWN SO INTENSE A PHYSICAL SENSATION AS THIS
HE SHUDDERS THEN TOPPLES HELPLESSLY...
...IMPALING HIMSELF ON THE VERY CAUSE OF THE AFFLICTION...
AND BOTH VANISH BENEATH THE SUN-DAPPLED WATERS
HANG ON-- I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE!


THE MEN DEPART...
PAYING NO HEED TO THE CHURNING AND ROILING AT THEIR BACKS.
ON THE SODDEN FLOOR OF THE KEY, HOWEVER, THE CREATURES ARE LOCKED IN A VIOLENT CHEMICAL DANCE...
A BRUTAL REACTION OF MATTER AND VAPOR, OF FLUID AND FLESH...
...WHICH ONLY ONE WILL SURVIVE.
NOT THIS ONE
IT'S LAST MOMENT OF LIFE IS SPENT AS LITTER...
...DISCARDED TO A DULL, GRAY DEATH BY THE ARM OF THE VICTOR.
VICTORY MEANS LITTLE, THOUGH, TO A BEING WITHOUT INTELLECT OR EMOTION...
...AND EVEN LESS, CONSIDERING THESE ARE ITS SPOILS
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

"FOR A MIND AS BLANK AS AN UNSTIRRED POOL, ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS CAN BE LEARNED FROM THE EXAMPLE OF FISH.
"FISH EAT. FISH SWIM. FISH MAKE OTHER FISH. FISH ARE EATEN
"EVERYTHING AND NOTHING
"BUT MY MIND IS NEITHER BLANK NOR UNSTIRRED.
"MY MIND IS TROUBLED
"AND WHATEVER FISH CAN TEACH, I HAVE KNOWN SINCE I WAS A BABE
"THE TIME SPENT AMONG FISH--EATING, SWIMMING, BEING EATEN--WAS DICTATED BY A MADMAN AND HIS CRAVEN CONSORTS
"AND THE SPENT TIME, THEN, HAS BEEN EMPTY MEANINGLESS WASTED
"I RETURN TO THE WORLD


MASTER OF KUNG FU!
"AGAIN I MARVEL .. AT HOW THE GROUND MOVES ONLY VERY SLIGHTLY
AAIEEE!
BWA-RHOOOM!
"A STRANGE THING TO FORGE" SO MANY TIMES
<MORE WATER! QUICKLY!>
CROSSING LINES I: RIFLES

"BUT WATER DOES THAT TO ONE'S MIND ..
"..AND SOON ENOUGH MY STEPS ARE MEASURED WITHOUT THOUGHT

"AS FOR THE REST OF MY RETURN TO THIS WORLD
..I EXPECTED AS MUCH

"I CAN STOP NOW
"HERE
"BEFORE HE DIED AND WHILE DRUNK, A MAN NAMED LARNER ONCE TOLD ME THE WESTERN SLANG FOR PLACES SUCH AS THIS.
"FLOPHOUSES
"TO ME THEY HAVE ALWAYS RESEMBLED SHALLOW, STAGNANT PONDS, WITH DARK SHAPES IDLE BELOW THE SURFACE
"I CHOOSE MY PLACE, BECOMING ONE FISH AMONG MANY... BUT AFTER SO MANY NIGHTS ALONE, IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO SLEEP IN SUCH COMPANY
"NOR DID I STOP HERE TO SLEEP.
"I SOUGHT ONLY TO LAY BAIT
"... AND ONE DOES NOT SLEEP OVER BAIT ONCE CAST.
"... ESPECIALLY IF THE BAIT IS ONESELF

"THEY ARE ALMOST GOOD
"ALMOST SOUNDLESS
"BUT MUCH LOUDER THAN FISH
"I DECIDE TO WAIT FOR THE FIRST--
"--STRIKE
SHREP
"THEN I SURGE UP--
"--TO FACE ASSASSINS DISGUISED IN GARB I HAVE COME TO KNOW TOO WELL
"BUT IF THEY WOULD STILL PLAY AT BEING FISHERMEN--
GHUD
GHUK
"--MY MANTLE HAS BEEN SHED

"AS SUSPECTED AND EVEN IF MY MAD FATHER IS TRULY DEAD, A PRICE REMAINS ON MY HEAD--AND THERE ARE MANY STILL EAGER TO CATCH AND KILL ME...
"B...T I KNOW ALREADY, THAT THEIR NET WILL BE LEFT EMPTY..
GRRRRR
"--IT IS EQUALLY CLEAR THAT MY MOVEMENTS HAVE BECOME DULL AND PONDEROUS
SHUMP
"I HAVE LOST MUCH, AND MY FULL RETURN WILL BE LONG, AND SLOW.
"BUT TWO MEN TOOK NOTE OF MY STRUGGLE TO MASTER THE GROUND, AND THIS EXPLAINS ONLY ONE OF THEM...
"...SOME OF THEM, PERHAPS, WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHY
"WHAT OF THE OTHER MAN"

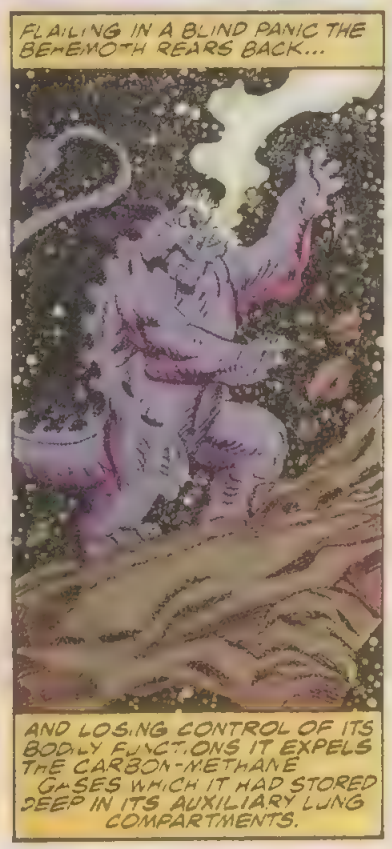
WHY WAS HE SO INTERESTED IN MY RETURN?
WHOM DOES HE SERVE?
"ONE THING IS CLEAR: HE WANTED TO BE SEEN, AND WISHES TO BE PURSUED.
"BUT IF HE, TOO, IS BAIT, I WILL TAKE IT... AND FOLLOW THE LINE ALL THE WAY TO--
"EH?"
ORIENTAL EXPEDITERS LTD.
"THE SAME NAME AND THE SAME FALSE CURIO-SHOP WHICH ONCE SERVED AS A FRONT FOR THE MURDER AGENCY IN MACAO"
"IS IT NOW A FRONT FOR THE SAME ASSASSIN ORGANIZATION REBORN HERE IN HONG KONG?
KCHAK
CHAK
CHAK
THE MAN WAITS TOO CALM, IN THE REAR COURTYARD
HE'S HERE
ON THE FAR SIDE OF A BLANK WALL

WHICH IS STIRRED
"... BY A SHAPE DARKENED BELOW THE SURFACE.
LEIKO ?
FWISH
"YES
"AND SHE RISES FROM MY MIND, A THOUSAND SHIMMERING MEMORIES MADE REAL
LEIKO
FORGIVE US SHANG
YI AO WAS TOLD TO BRING YOU HERE
BUT NOT IN FRIENDLY FASHION SINCE THIS PLACE IS NO DOUBT BEING WATCHED FOR HOSTILE CURIOS
NOW COME ON IN...
THE WATER'S TREACHEROUS.
BOOSH
"AND FISH
C.O.
SHH?

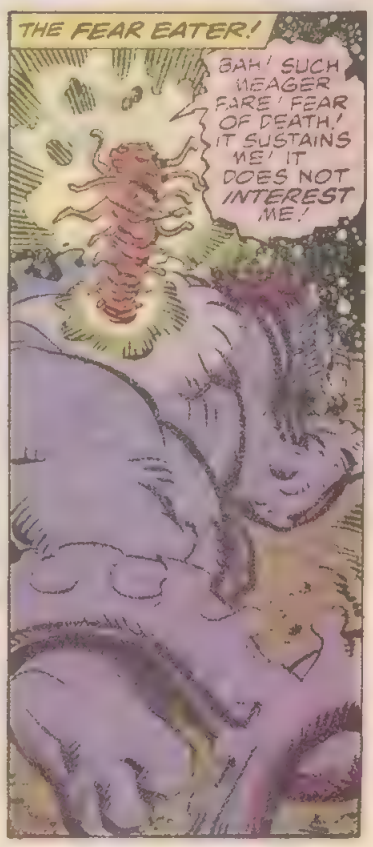
"IT IS AS IF I NEVER LEFT . FOR THE FISH WOULD HAVE PLAYED OUT THE WAYS OF THE WORLD, EVERYTHING AND NOTHING, HAD MY WATCHING SHADOW PLIED THE SURFACE ABOVE THEM OR NOT
"AND SO, THE TIME SPENT AMONG FISH NO LONGER EXISTS
"IT PLEASES ME TO DECIDE IT NEVER HAPPENED
"LIKE HE NEVER LEFT EH RESTON" B." HOW'D YOU KNOW HE'D BE BACK"
AS MY GREAT UNCLE WOULD HAVE SAID ELEMENTARY MY DEAR TARR
...FOR REASONS MY FATHER WELL KNEW YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE
YEAH WELL, ANYWAY CHINAMAN
WELCOME BACK..
--TO "GAMES OF DECEIT AN' DEATH," PART TWO-- THE BLOODY HYPER VERSION.
TARR HAS NOT CHANGED
IN RETURNING, I HAVE GONE BACK... BUT SOMETIMES, IF A SPIRIT IS TO RISE AND ADVANCE ANY FARTHER...
"... IT MUST FIRST FALL
NEXT ISSUE: BAIT

THE GREAT BEAST CHEWS SLOWLY ON THE METALLIC ALLOYS OF THE ASTEROID SAVORING THE TANGY ELEMENTS WHICH GIVE IT SUSTENANCE
IT DOES NOT HURRY. FOR BEING ONE OF THE VERY FEW CREATURES THAT CAN LIVE UNASSISTED IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE IT HAS KNOWN NO PREDATORS--KNOWN NO FEAR...

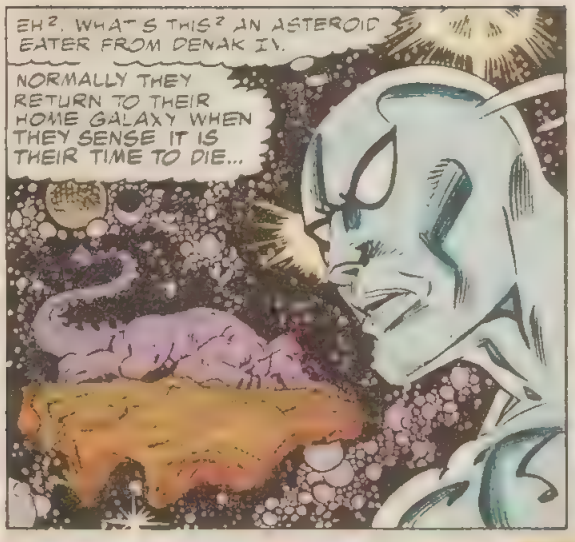
LVT LION

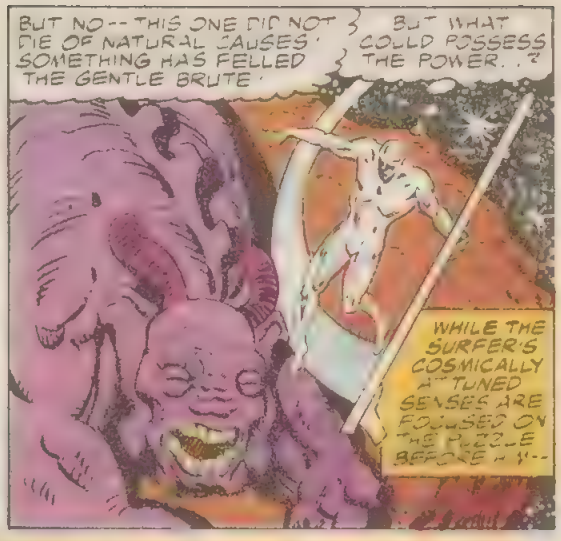

FLAILING IN A BLIND PANIC THE BEHEMOTH REARS BACK...
AND LOSING CONTROL OF ITS BODILY FUNCTIONS IT EXPELS THE CARBON-METHANE GASES WHICH IT HAD STORED DEEP IN ITS AUXILIARY LUNG COMPARTMENTS.

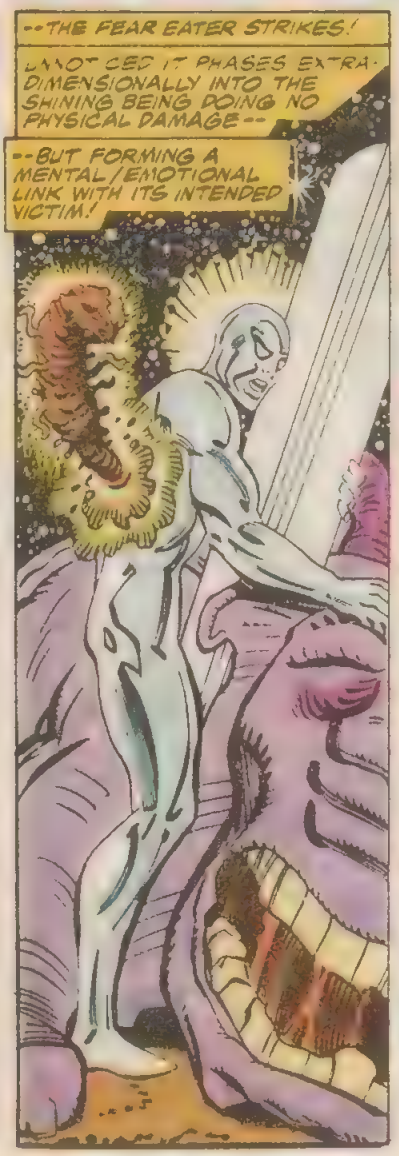
AND SO... IT DIES. NEVER AGAIN TO KNOW THE HARD, PIQUANT TASTE OF THE ROCKY DIET IT LOVED SO WELL.
AND NEVER TO KNOW THE PREDATOR WHO HAS BROUGHT IT LOW...

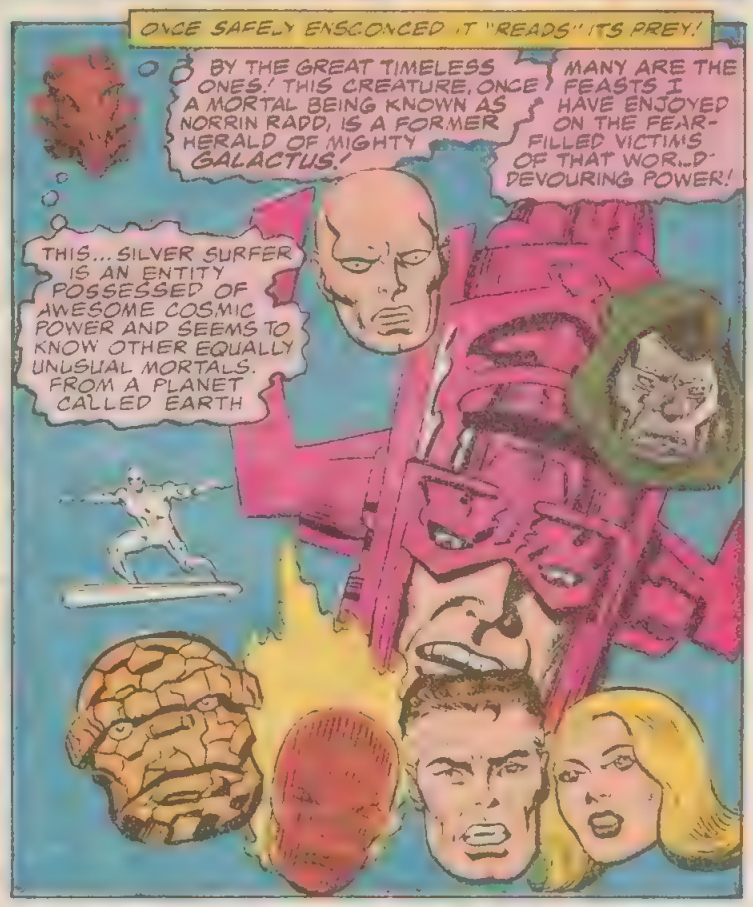

THE FEAR EATER!
BAH! SUCH MEAGER FARE! FEAR OF DEATH! IT SUSTAINS ME! IT DOES NOT INTEREST ME!

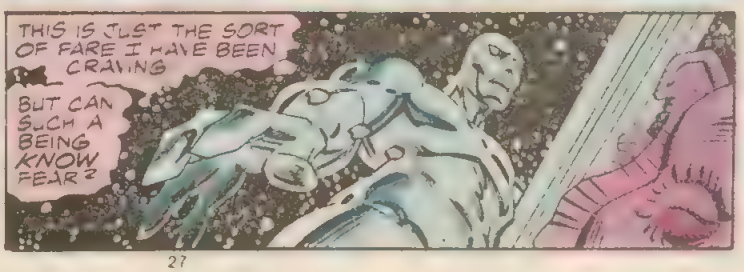
IF I COULD FIND SOME UNIQUE LIFE FORM. SOME UNIQUE FORM OF FEAR...
THAT WOULD BE A FEAST I COULD RELISH!
FOOLISH! IT WILL BE UNTOLD PARSECS BEFORE I EVEN FIND ANOTHER LIFE FORM TO NOURISH ME!
BUT WAIT--THAT FLASH OF LIGHT! IT IS LIKE NOTHING I HAVE EVER OBSERVED BEFORE. WHAT COULD IT BE?
THE SILVER SURFER
...FEAR ITSELF!


EH? WHAT'S THIS? AN ASTEROID EATER FROM DENAK IV.
NORMALLY THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOME GALAXY WHEN THEY SENSE IT IS THEIR TIME TO DIE...


BUT NO -- THIS ONE DID NOT DIE OF NATURAL CAUSES! SOMETHING HAS FELLED THE GENTLE BRUTE!
BUT WHAT COULD POSSESS THE POWER..?
WHILE THE SURFER'S COSMICALLY ATTUNED SENSES ARE FOCUSED ON THE PUZZLE BEFORE HIM--

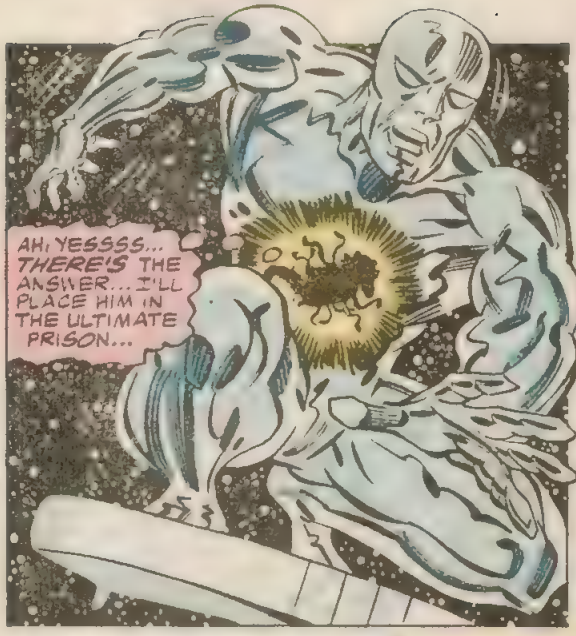

--THE FEAR EATER STRIKES!
UNNOTICED IT PHASES EXTRA-DIMENSIONALLY INTO THE SHINING BEING DOING NO PHYSICAL DAMAGE--
--BUT FORMING A MENTAL/EMOTIONAL LINK WITH ITS INTENDED VICTIM!

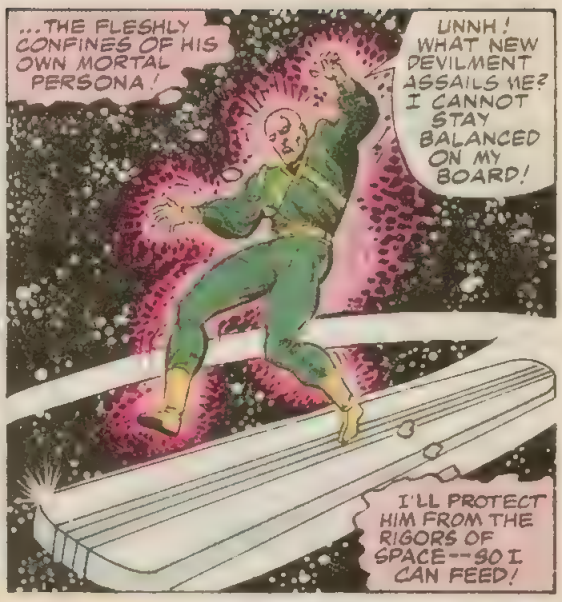

ONCE SAFELY ENSCONCED IT "READS" ITS PREY!
BY THE GREAT TIMELESS ONES! THIS CREATURE, ONCE A MORTAL BEING KNOWN AS NORRIN RADD, IS A FORMER HERALD OF MIGHTY GALACTUS!
MANY ARE THE FEASTS I HAVE ENJOYED ON THE FEAR-FILLED VICTIMS OF THAT WOR..D' DEVOURING POWER!
THIS... SILVER SURFER IS AN ENTITY POSSESSED OF AWESOME COSMIC POWER AND SEEMS TO KNOW OTHER EQUALLY UNUSUAL MORTALS. FROM A PLANET CALLED EARTH

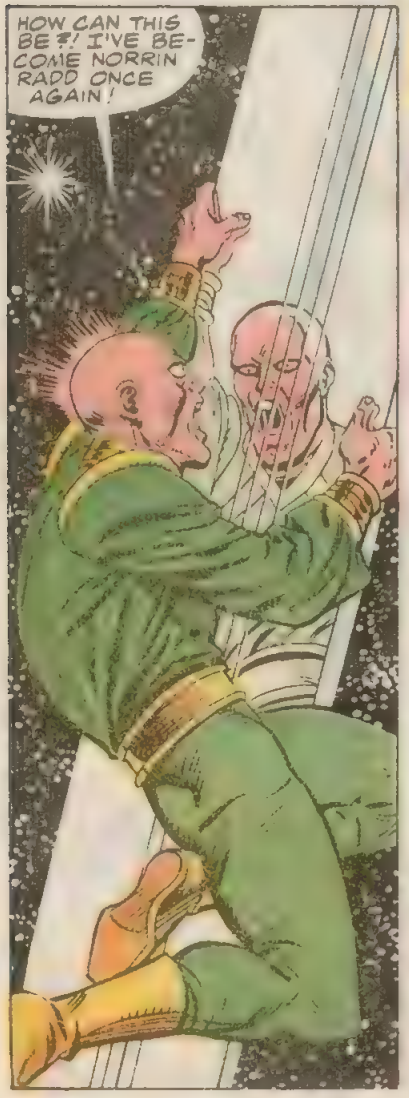

THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF FARE I HAVE BEEN CRAVING
BUT CAN SUCH A BEING KNOW FEAR?

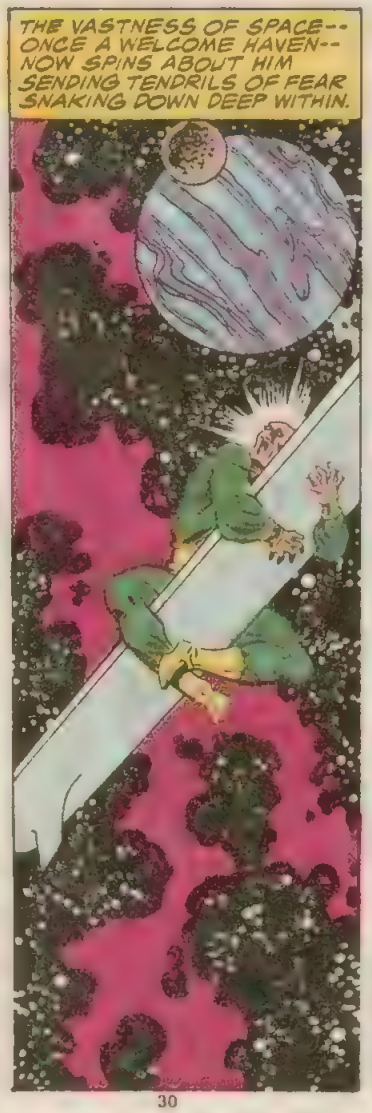
YES! I SENSE IT! A DEEP ABIDING TERROR OF BEING IMPRISONED!
GOOD THEN! I CAN USE MY POWER TO TRANSPORT THIS SILVER SURFER TO THE SITE OF HIS MOST RECENT INCARCERATION...
EARTH!
NO! IT CANNOT BE!
WHAT DEVLISH POWER HAS BROUGHT ME HERE BACK TO THE WORLD WHERE MY VENGEFUL FORMER MASTER HAD CONDEMNED ME?!
I WILL NOT BE DENIED THE GLORIES OF THE UNIVERSE A SECOND TIME!
WHOOMP
THE RESTRAINING BARRIER IS STILL IN PLACE!
BUT I WILL NOT BE A PRISONER!
NOT NOW!
NOT EVER AGAIN!

AND THIS BARRIER, BEING A CREATION OF THE FEAR EATER AND NOT THE ALL-BUT-OMNIPOTENT GALACTUS--
--SHATTERS!
I'VE DONE IT! I'M FREE!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
WHA--?! ENERGY SHACKLES! SOME NEW PUNISHMENT GALACTUS HAS VISITED UPON ME?
I FEEL THEM LEECHING AWAY MY POWER COSMIC! A NANO-SECOND MORE AND I SHALL BE THUS ENCUMBERED FOR ALL ETERNITY!
BUT THAT NANO-SECOND WILL NOT PASS!
WHAT POWER! THIS IS NOT GOING AS I HAD PLANNED! BUT THE STRUGGLE WILL MAKE MY FINAL FEAR FEAST ALL THE SWEETER!
THE FEAR I RECOGNIZE IN THE SURFER IS NOT OVERCOMING HIM! I MUST DELVE DEEPER... GET TO THE VERY HEART OF THE MATTER...


AH, YESSSS... THERE'S THE ANSWER... I'LL PLACE HIM IN THE ULTIMATE PRISON...


...THE FLESHLY CONFINES OF HIS OWN MORTAL PERSONA!
UNNH! WHAT NEW DEVILMENT ASSAILS ME? I CANNOT STAY BALANCED ON MY BOARD!
I'LL PROTECT HIM FROM THE RIGORS OF SPACE--SO I CAN FEED!

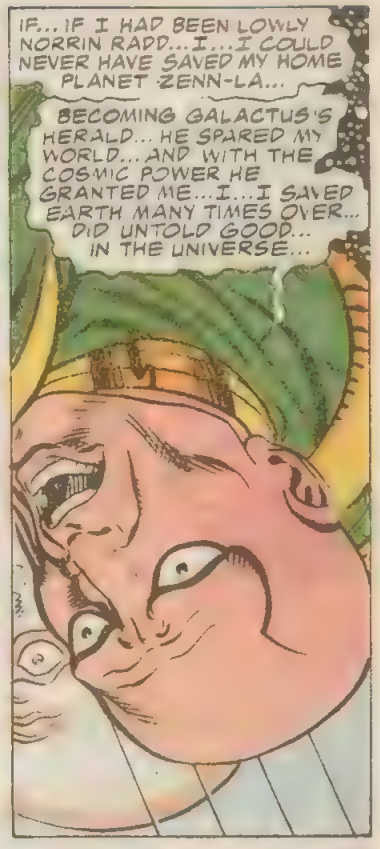

HOW CAN THIS BE?! I'VE BECOME NORRIN RADD ONCE AGAIN!


THE VASTNESS OF SPACE--ONCE A WELCOME HAVEN--NOW SPINS ABOUT HIM SENDING TENDRILS OF FEAR SNAKING DOWN DEEP WITHIN.

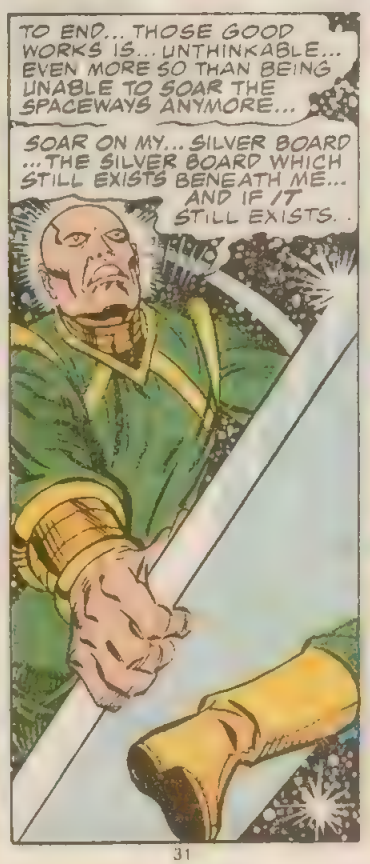
NEVER BEFORE HAS HE KNOWN SUCH STARK, SENSES-NUMBING TERROR...

AND THE FEAR EATER BEGINS TO FEAST!
SO BIG... SO VAST ...THE ENDLESS STARS... I-I'M SO SMALL COMPARED... A MOTE... A NOTHING...

AH. HOW RICH! A BEING AFRAID OF HIS OWN MORTAL BEING, IN TERROR OF HIS OWN HUMANITY. NEVER HAVE I TASTED SUCH A DELICACY!


IF... IF I HAD BEEN LOWLY NORRIN RADD... I... I COULD NEVER HAVE SAVED MY HOME PLANET ZENN-LA...
BECOMING GALACTUS'S HERALD... HE SPARED MY WORLD... AND WITH THE COSMIC POWER HE GRANTED ME... I... I SAVED EARTH MANY TIMES OVER... DID UNTOLD GOOD... IN THE UNIVERSE...

WHAT'S THIS?! THE FEAR FLOW IS SLOWING!
NO! I WANT MORE! MORE!


TO END... THOSE GOOD WORKS IS... UNTHINKABLE... EVEN MORE SO THAN BEING UNABLE TO SOAR THE SPACEWAYS ANYMORE...
SOAR ON MY... SILVER BOARD ...THE SILVER BOARD WHICH STILL EXISTS BENEATH ME... AND IF IT STILL EXISTS...

NONONO! HE HAS COME TO GRIPS WITH HIS DEEPEST FEARS! AND FACING THEM HE CAN THINK RATIONALLY ONCE AGAIN!
HE WILL REALIZE THAT IF HIS BOARD EXISTS, THEN DEEP WITHIN HIM, SO DOES THE POWER COSMIC...

AND IF I STILL POSSESS THE POWER COSMIC... THE SILVER SURFER WILL SOAR ONCE MORE!
AND WITH THIS REVELATION, THE SURFER SHEDS THE ARTIFICIAL HUMAN GUISE AS A BUTTERFLY SHEDS ITS COCOON...
AND IN CONQUERING HIS FEARS HE UNKNOWINGLY CONQUERS THE FEAR EATER AS WELL-- DRIVING IT FROM HIM!
NOOOOOOOOOO!
HIS POWER... TOO GREAT! CAN'T REMAIN!
I SENSE SOMEHOW THAT THE ASSAULTS ON ME ARE ENDED. I KNOW NOT WHAT PRECIPITATED THE CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH JUST TRANSPIRED--
--I ONLY KNOW THAT ONCE AGAIN I AM FREE! FREE TO TRAVERSE THE UNIVERSE AND RIGHT WRONGS WHERE I FIND THEM!
AND THAT IS ENOUGH! FAREWELL PLANET EARTH!
AH, YESSS. EARTH. HOME OF MANY OTHER UNIQUE BEINGS WITH UNIQUE FEARS.
AND IF THEY DO NOT POSSESS THE AWESOME COSMIC POWER OF THE SILVER SURFER--
--THAT'S ALL THE BETTER FOR ME, ISN'T IT?
THE END?

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TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY LIVIN' CHEEK-BY-JOWL ALONGSIDE THE 18th, ULTRA-RICH GOUGIN' SPACE FROM THE POOREST OF THE POOR.

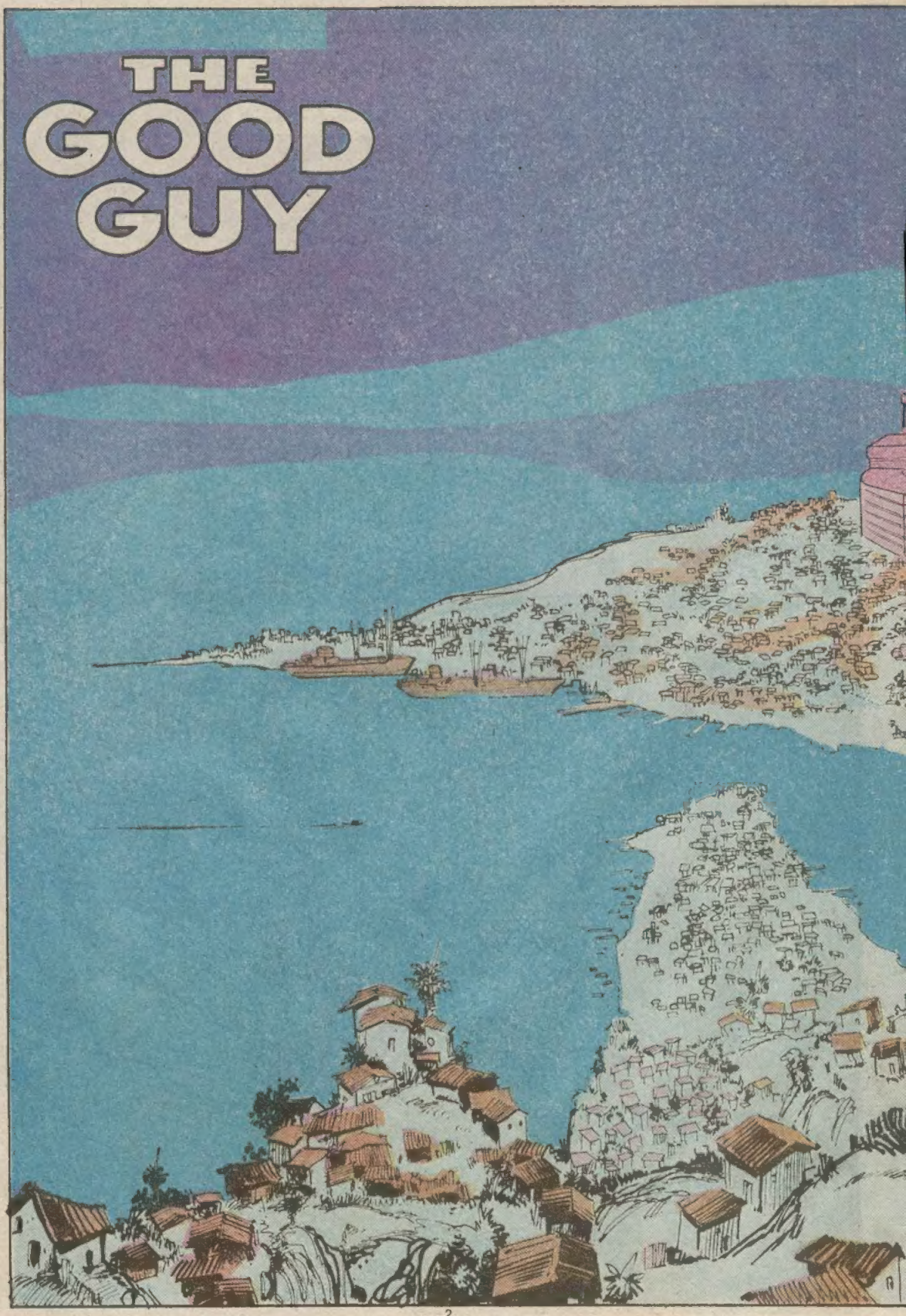
NO RULES HERE-- ANYTHING GOES-- AN' EVERYTHING CAN BE BOUGHT.

PEOPLE ARE WHAT'RE SOLD THE MOST. LIVES BECOME COMMODITIES.

USUALLY, CHEAP.

WHEN I'M INVOLVED, THOUGH...

"...IT CAN COST THE WORLD.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